

The



Cheer

"For St. Joe

and Success"

VOL. XVII.

ST. JOSEPH'S COLLEGE, WEDNESDAY, NOVEMBER 19, 1924

No. 4

ST. JOE HOLDS CENTRAL NORMAL TO 12-3 VICTORY

SEASON'S CLOSEST SCORE

In spite of the defeat administered by DeKalb the previous Saturday, St. Joe's grid machine came back aggressively and held the heavy Central Normal College team, from Danville, Ind., to a 12 to 3 victory on the local gridiron last Saturday afternoon. The Danville aggregation is the first team the Saints have met this season which did not completely outclass them, and the game was the most evenly contested struggle St. Joe has engaged in this year. Although the Saints lost, the score was low, and the spirit and fight shown by the team is a good indication that the Elmhurst game, here on Thanksgiving Day, will result in a victory for the Red and Purple.

Central Normal made two touchdowns during the first half, but the Saints held them scoreless in the last two periods. Danville threatened once in the fourth quarter when Hauk and Shelton carried the ball as far as St. Joe's twenty yard line, but Brennan intercepted Carpenter's pass on our ten yard line and Normal lost its chance to register. St. Joe's score came during the third session. The Saints had the ball near the side lines on Danville's thirty yard line. From this difficult position DeShone successfully drop-kicked for St. Joe's three points. The cheering along the side-lines at this stage was almost deafening, and from then on until the end of the game Danville experienced difficulty in calling signals because of the rooting. The local team stiffened as if by magic, and encouraged by those three points it fought desperately for a touchdown. The line began to hold and the backfield gave the runner some neat interference. Twice the Saints placed the ball on Danville's twenty yard line, but on both occasions they lacked the punch to put it across.

Hauk, the visitor's quarterback,

THANKSGIVING EVE PLAY

"The High School Freshman," a Comedy in Three Acts, by Charles Ulrich.

Cast of Characters:

Harry Templeton—A Freshman.... James Hoban
Will Thornton—A Senior..... Sylvester Schmelzer
Jack Morrel—A Football Coach... Alphonse Hoffman
James Clarke—A Reckless Broker's Son..... Clemens Koors
Charlie Jackson—A Yell Master... Sylvester Ziemer
Sam Belton—A Student from the West..... Ralph Mueller
Julius Cohen—A Freshman from the Ghetto..... Charles Ruess
Lew Sampson—Used by Clarke as a Tool..... Edward Kotter
Orrie Morton—A Young Dilettante..... Urban Wimmers
Si Harris—A Country Product.... Russel Scheidler
Ben Castle—Who Thinks Study a Bore..... Adolph Petit
Ross Finnerty—An Irish Lad..... John Byrne
Music furnished by the College Orchestra.

AMERICA A SUPERB DRAMA OF ACTION AND ROMANCE

In this age of materialism we readily become oblivious of that wonderful period of history during which the United States came into being. The history of the founding of nearly every nation is shrouded in fable, but not so America. In childhood we are impressed with the stirring events that made the Revolution, but as we grow older we are prone to forget. It is well, therefore, to recall to mind the sacrifice of our forefathers and the romance of the founding of our country.

"America, or The Sacrifice," by D. W. Griffith, is a real masterpiece. To connect the events of six years of war in a half dozen states into a single drama; to make the figures of

MR. AND MRS. WELLS SCORE A DECIDED TRIUMPH

A play when read by an accomplished artist is, indeed, a rare treat, but when read by artists of the calibre of Mr. and Mrs. Glenn H. Wells it is more than twice as pleasing. We believe we may safely say that the acting of plays with a two person cast is unusual to the majority of American play-goers, yet it is quite an art as we had the good fortune to see on the evening of Armistice Day.

A melodrama from the pen of Herbert Thomas, entitled "The Atone-ment," was the vehicle employed by the Wells Company. The play was woven around the efforts of a criminally-inclined father to rear his son along the path of his own evil footsteps, and the valiant efforts of a mother to realize in her boy the wholesome principles of a christian life. The three acts of the drama cover a space of twenty-three years—ample time to show the futility of a criminal life, and how a mother's prayers and patience can do more good "than this world dreams of."

Both being readers of exceptional ability and actors of no mean skill, each in his own way conveyed to their audience exactly the lesson they intended. Their make-up was simple. By their acting they achieved more than elaborate scenery and detailed costume could have done. All of which speaks volumes for the art of Mr. and Mrs. Wells.

Preceding this principal number of the evening's program was a prelude consisting of two very humorous sketches and several vocal selections, both solos and duets. This entertainment was decidedly one of the very best ever given in Alumni Hall.

FATHER MAURICE BACK

The Cheer is glad to be able to state that Rev. Maurice Ehleringer, C.P.P.S., is back with us. He appears to have completely recovered from his recent illness.

(Continued on page six)

(Continued on page five.)

DE KALB PLOWS THROUGH SAINTS FOR 42 TO 0 VICTORY

TEACHER'S SCORE EARLY

Using its complete assortment of line plunges, fluke plays, forward passés and end runs, the fast, heavy and experienced DeKalb Normal aggregation, last year's champions of little colleges of Illinois, demonstrated its championship caliber Saturday, November 8, by piling up a 42 to 0 victory over St. Joe on the local gridiron. The weather was ideal for football and the St. Joe rooters were out in force to support the team. Everyone was "set" for a victory, but the Red and Purple machine was hopelessly outclassed and the elusive prize went to the Westerners.

Early in the game the DeKalb quarterback, taking full advantage of the Teachers' heavier line, sent his plunging, low-running backs off-tackle and through the Saints' forward wall for a number of substantial gains. When the Red and Purple line held for a down or two, DeKalb would resort to wide end runs and fluke plays. The open field running of the Normal backs was little short of dazzling, and the Saints found it difficult to hold and down the twisting, zig-zagging Westerners. Time after time the DeKalb runners would step away from two or three tacklers before finally being downed after a further gain of ten or twelve yards. St. Joe's offensive, on the contrary, seldom got beyond the line of scrimmage, and several times our backs were thrown for losses. The DeKalb ends and tackles seemed to get through our interference and down the runner before he was fairly started. St. Joe's only big gains were made by using forward passes.

DeKalb's leading performer on the line was Peterson, left tackle, who repeatedly broke through and downed our backs before they could circle the right wing. Univitch and Stevenson, halfbacks, were the backfield stars and both these men gained considerable ground besides scoring two touchdowns apiece.

Hoffman, playing at fullback for the Collegians, was by far the outstanding player of the entire game. His tackling was superb, his passing accurate, and to him belongs the credit for several line smashes that netted considerable yardage. A broken collar bone, early in the third quarter, rendered his left arm practically useless, but he not only insisted upon remaining in the game but gave excellent account of himself in spite of the injury. Captain Hoban played a stubborn fighting game at center. The Red and Purple leader blocked many a line buck and broke up several passes. Our goal was saved once in the

third period when he intercepted a DeKalb pass on our fifteen yard line and returned the ball five yards and out of danger. DeShone at quarterback ran his team admirably. He mixed his plays well, made some pretty tackles, and gained some ground as well. Liebert and Brennan on the wings and Schmelzer at tackle also deserve mention.

DeKalb Scores

St. Joe received on the kick-off, and lost the ball on downs on her own thirty-five yard line. From here DeKalb plunged and passed the ball within scoring distance and Stevenson went over for the first touchdown. The Teachers again worked the ball within scornig distance as the quarter ended. Early in the second period Univitch registered on a fluke play. DeKalb tried a drop-kick from the twenty-five yard line but failed. St. Joe failed to gain and punted. DeKalb again marched down the field and scored its third touchdown by a long forward pass caught by Donnelly, left end. The Westerners' three attempts to kick goal were successful. Score at half: DeKalb, 21; St. Joe, 0.

Second Half Repetition

The second half was a fair repetition of the first. The Teachers scored another touchdown during the third period in spite of the Collegian's desperate efforts to prevent it. The last session netted the Westerners their last two markers and the three points were added by drop-kick. Final score: DeKalb, 42; Jt. Joe, 0.

Lineup

| DeKalb (42) | St. Joe (0) |
|---|---------------|
| Donnelly L.E. | Liebert |
| Peterson L.T. | Schmelzer |
| Terwilliger L.G. | Ludwig |
| Hahn C. | (Capt.) Hoban |
| Keefe R.G. | Beckman |
| Conahan R.T. | Wallig |
| Kujala R.E. | Brennan |
| Ball (Capt.) Q. | DeShone |
| Univitch L.H. | Castillo |
| Stevenson R.H. | Weier |
| Stantus F.B. | Hoffman |
| Officials—Kirk, Referee; Puetz, Umpire; Achsberger, Head Linesman; Timekeepers: Navarre, St. Joe; Peterson, DeKalb. | |

IN THE LIBRARY

When you are in the reading room and are looking for something interesting to read try one of these:

Fiction

"Whose Collie?" in the November "Boys' Life."

"The Boob That Turned," in the November "Columbia."

"Baker, Manager," in the November "St. Nicholas."

Non-Fiction

"Sport versus Athletics," in the November "Forum."

"The Part Headwork Plays in Football," in the November "St. Nicholas."

SECONDS DEFEAT FOURTHS—SCORE 10-0

All the "dope was upset" Sunday Nov. 9th, when the Seconds threw a scare into more than one league camp by beating the Fourths, 10-0, in one of the most spectacular and well-played games of the league season. Both teams used a number of passes as well as the old reliable line bucks. Twice during the initial period the Seconds threatened to score by placing the oval on the Fourths' twenty yard line. The first time the Sophomores lost the ball on downs, and missed their second opportunity when Captain Boone of the Fourths intercepted a long pass and returned the ball ten yards just as the first quarter ended.

On the next play, however, Ameling Sophomore end, intercepted a pass and twisting his way through three tacklers, sped forty yards for a touchdown. L. Dirrig drop-kicked the extra point.

Score at half: Seconds, 7; Fourths, 0.

The Fourths entered the second half determined to even matters; and the Sophomores were equally prepared to hold them in check. Glennon, Fourth year tackle, blocked a punt on the Seconds' fifteen yard line, and in the scramble that followed, the Seconds succeeded in recovering the ball on their own forty-five yard line. From then on the battle was evenly waged until the last minute of play when Dirrig, standing on the fifteen yard line considerably to the left of the goal posts, dropped the ball over neatly for three more points.

Final score: Seconds, 10; Fourths, 0.

Ameling, at right end, was the Seconds' outstanding offensive player, snatching a number of long passes and gaining much ground, as well as scoring the only touchdown. Casserly and Dirrig played brilliantly in the backfield; and Diamond was a tower of strength in the line. For the Fourths, Captain Boone, at left half, played his usual fighting, driving game; and Klocker and "Red" Leishuh performed creditably, the latter frequently plunging off tackle for good gains. Glennon and Higi, at tackles; and Galligher, at end, deserve special mention for their defensive work.

Lineup

| Seconds (10) | Fourths (0) |
|-------------------------|-------------|
| Gruber L.E. | Klocker |
| Diamond L.T. | Boone |
| Gohman, T. L.G. | Leishuh |
| Medland, T. C. | Middendorf |
| Gohman, R. R.G. | Galligher |
| Hepperle R.T. | Higi |
| Ameling R.E. | Stecker |
| Dirrig Q. | Sieben |
| Casserly R.H. | Glennon |
| Modrijan L.H. | Kramps |
| Buescher F.B. | Munning |

You can never tell a good man by his necktie. Look at the Fifth Class.

JIMMIE TYLER'S TRIUMPH

CHARLES PASSAFUME, '26.

"23-34-19-62." A rush of feet, a sickening thud of colliding bodies and the ball was over the goal line. The visitors had made a touchdown but failed to kick goal and the first half had ended. Laverne, 6; Marwell, 0.

"Hey coach, Pinky is hurt," announced one of the home players as they rushed into the clubhouse. "Sprained his ankle or somethin' on that last play."

Boss Hartley who had been engaged in wrapping one of his warrior's wrists, dolefully looked up as the bulky halfback came limping through the doorway. His look was one that gave evidence of anxiety and uneasiness.

The coach looked wistfully about the room. "Austin, you take Pinky's half and get in there and do something! You fellows come here," he added, and having arranged them about him in a circle, he proceeded to instruct them on certain points for the next half.

"You, Canton, play deeper; and Marvin, watch that end." With these words he sent them back to the field.

During this episode, little Jimmy Tyler, substitute half-back, better known as "Flip," was an intent listener. Flip was fast but being rather light, the coach did not see fit to put him in the game, and besides, Austin wasn't so bad.

Jimmie's heart beat fast. What if something happened to Austin? Who would take his place? A thrill raced through his diminutive form for he knew he was the only remaining substitute for the backfield position. He dismissed these thoughts, however, as he followed the players to the field for the second half.

The whistle blew and the battle was resumed. The Laverne rooters grew frantic as their team made gain after gain, while Marwell supporters implored the home team to "hold 'em, hold 'em!" Austin was playing poor football, either because he was nervous or had forgotten to use his head; he seemed entirely at sea.

With a series of well executed plays, the Laverne team working like Trojans, came closer and closer to the coveted goal line. Just then the third quarter ended. Score: Laverne, 6; Marwell, 0.

"Boss" Hartley looked thoughtfully around at the tense faces on the bench. "Hamlin replace Hennessey at tackle, Tyler take Austin's half and use your brains," he cried.

Jimmie, his mind in a daze, thought his ears were deceiving him. Surely it was not him the coach meant.

Nevertheless he nervously buckled on his helmet and started for the field. Looking around as he trotted

forth, his eyes became blurred as he beheld the surging mass of humanity. With the coach's last words ringing in his ears he reported to the referee and play was resumed.

It was Laverne's ball on their 30-yard line. The quarter sharply barked the signal, a line plunge, a five-yard gain. Much to the disgust of Jimmie he found himself sprawled on the ground neatly blocked by one of the opposing ends. Angered by his carelessness he gritted his teeth and waited for the next play.

Laverne's fullback fumbled and after a mad scramble, Marwell's left-end recovered the ball. The crowd cheered frantically for a touchdown. Baker made four yards through left tackle and then came the test.

"29-42-31-64." Jimmie's heart almost stopped beating, he knew it was his ball off right tackle. With a death-like grip on the pigskin, he plunged toward the line. Spying a hole he was through in a flash,—he was beginning to use his brains. With a neat pivot, he succeeded in passing the defensive halfback and to his joy he saw a clear field ahead of him. Suddenly a huge form loomed up in his path. He had forgotten the safety man who had come in from the side. A crash, and Jimmie seemed to fly through the air, his brain whirled in a turmoil while a sickening sensation permeated his whole body. But only for an instant. He was on his feet again and like a streak he raced madly toward the goal,—the Laverne fullback had failed to hold him. Thirty-two, ten yards, the distance lessened and finally he crossed the last white ribbon and fell. He heard the thunder of cleats behind him and suddenly all turned black before his eyes.

When he regained consciousness, the ball tightly grasped in his arms was two feet over the goal line; he had saved the day. The score was tied.

The Marwell stands were tensely silent as Tyler prepared to kick goal. What if he should fail? But in Jimmie's staunch heart there never was a quake of fear. Straight as an arrow, came the hard, drilling pass from the center into our hero's expectant hands. Deliberately he glanced at the cross bar, dropped the ball, swung his leg and a resounding thud announced when toe met pigskin. The ball rose in a graceful arc gleaming in late afternoon sunlight and sailed lazily between the uprights. Jimmie Tyler had at last proved his worth and the scoreboard told the story of his triumph: Marwell, 7; Laverne, 6.

If "Sioux" spells su, and "eye" spells i, and "sighed" spells cide, is this correct?—Siouxeyesighed.

Cheery Chokes

The very latest in Fall styles at St. Joe seems to be the crutch. The infirmary has on display some very chic models.

She: "Are you fond of tea?"

He: "Yes, but I like the next letter better."

"An old line," said the washwoman as she hung up the clothes.

Non-Essential Citizens

The bozo that is forever telling how many great things his home town has produced.

The cross-word-puzzle fiend.

The dormitory lumber-jack.

A Pome

Ah, my dear Helen

Fain would I wed:

Her neck was pure ivory;

But alas, so's her head.

Encyclopedia Collegeville

The Covered Wagon: Brother Vic's mail truck.

Editor: The bird that is always wrong.

Freshman: A yokel that spends his dad's money, the professors' time, and everyone else's patience.

The leaves turn red before they fall. Does this apply to politics?

A Fable

Once upon a time there was a student who laughed out loud when the prefect booked him for throwing a paper wad. He kept on laughing when he was told to write the corridor rules ten times. He was unable to keep from laughing when he handed the prefect the completed penance. The prefect asked why all this laughter? "You booked the wrong guy," this student fairly guffawed.

Scrambled

What's in a name?

We have a McKinley but no Czolgosz.

Smith but no McAdoo.

"Dan" Boone but no Simon Kenton.

Crockett but no Santa Ana

Arnold but no Andre.

Brennan but no Taggart.

Hoffman but no Paderewski.

Moore but no Harp of Tara.

Wagner but no Beethoven.

Lily but no rose.

Diamond but no ruby

Cummins but no goin's.

Friedman but no slave.

Powers but no principalities.

Spike but no hammer.

Urban but no rural.

Hnat but no fly.

The College Cheer

Published twenty times during the scholastic year at Collegeville, Indiana.

Rates: Per Year.....\$1.50
Single Copies..... .10

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Address: Editor, The College Cheer,
Collegeville, Indiana.

Collegeville, Ind., November 19, 1924

EDITORIALS

A WORD TO THE ALUMNI

It has been one of the Cheer's most cherished ambitions during the last year or two, to draw the bonds of affection tighter among the Alumni so that in the end their Alma Mater might reap the greater benefit of this close affiliation. For this purpose we are again attempting the Alumni Column. Last year as long as it lasted, this column evoked much praise, but this year it is our hope to make it more of a feature. In our dreams we have often seen a hundred alumni on our subscription list but in reality the goal is many miles distant. No labor has been spared to make the subscription list larger but to little avail. This fact is certain: if success is to crown our effort in promoting a greater Alumni Association there must be co-operation. It is not a St. Joe trait to do things by halves.

Think of the many pleasant memories well-nigh forgotten that could be re-awakened through the Alumni Column. Think of the many timely suggestions that might be made. A real live account of something might be just the spark that is needed to rekindle the enthusiasm in a heretofore inactive Alumni. Action is what we want and plenty of it. We want a body of Alumni that are up and doing. St. Joe's star should be on the ascendance and the Alumni should be busy with their horns.

Look at our Gymnasium, a living tribute to the staunch hearted men who gallantly came to the aid of their Alma Mater after the disaster of 1913, and reared this edifice that will ever herald the achievement of strength in a unified cause. St. Joe does not call for financial, but moral support. The student body of today wants to feel the pulse of the past beating as one with its own. More active members, members who are men, live wires with constructive ideas are the type we want. The Cheer offers the mouthpiece, it remains for the Alumni to deliver the goods.

Perhaps our tone has been too vehement but our motive is of the right

order. In all sincerity we ask more co-operation from the Alumni. If in the past you have been inactive resolve to be so no longer; be up and doing, and remember that the Cheer is depending on you to come through. If this editorial—if it be worthy of the name—evokes just one alumnus to consider the issue, it shall not be in vain, and the step shall have been taken towards a greater Alumni for a greater St. Joe.

ARE YOU GUILTY?

A word seems in place regarding the conduct of certain members of the student body during entertainments in our auditorium. An unfortunate habit, indeed, is this rowdyism, noticeable both during the programs rendered by the C. L. S. as well as in those offered by professional talent. Conduct of this sort is not only grossly unfair to the entertainers themselves, but is also a breach of etiquette toward the rest of the student body. A few boors often-times give a bad name to an entire assembly.

The most unfortunate situation any performer is called upon to face is an unsympathetic audience. And worse than this is an audience that persists in tittering, murmuring, and in fact doing everything but paying attention. Such an assembly does more to dampen the enthusiasm and ardor of an entertainer than everything else combined. Common decency and courtesy demand that we listen respectfully to what a participant in any program has to say, no matter how much we disagree with the thought or the manner in which it is presented. Just place yourself before an audience of grinning, sneering, chewing, idiots and you will soon learn how trying the situation is. "Do unto others as you would have them do unto you."

Probably most of this ill behavior is due to thoughtlessness, we hope so, at least. The spirit of fair play is the mark of the gentleman. By observing we shall learn much that is of great benefit to ourselves in this respect as well as helpful in keeping up the spotless reputation of St. Joe students of yesterday. Be a gentleman at any cost.

THE PATHS OF GLORY

Gone is the ruby blush of summer from nature's countenance and come is autumn with its cold rain and killing frost. Leafless are the trees and somber the once verdant gardens. Flowers that majestically nodded their glorious heads in the June breeze now lie a heap of dried ruin. Everywhere do we find dejection and despair. Aeolus himself directs the winds as they rush through the heav-

ens, whistling and roaring nature's requiem. Now and then, however, the brilliant November sun sends a ray of hope from a sky cloudless in its azure purity.

And so it will be with us as we some day approach the winter of our life. God in His fatherly goodness has given us nature as a symbol of the fate that awaits all mortal things. Honors, glory, power, wealth—what are they to a dying man? No one remembers the fragrant sweetness of the rose as he sees the proud flower in a semi-decayed state. Neither does the Mighty Judge remember the earthly powers and honors of a soul that stands before Him. Then it is that man stands stripped bare of conceit and sham. Bring these things often to your mind, remembering the poet's words:

"The boast of heraldry, the pomp of power,
And all that beauty, all that wealth e'er gave,
Await alike the inevitable hour,
The paths of glory lead but to the grave."

Societies

ALTAR SOCIETY

The St. Stanislaus Altar Society met Sunday, November 9, at the call of the Moderator, Father John Cherry. In addition to the regular business it was announced by the Reverend Moderator that after mature deliberation he had decided to change the Society's name from "St. Stanislaus' Altar Society" to "St. John Berchmans' Sanctuary Society." The Holy Father, he said, had decreed St. John Berchmans to be the patron of all altar boys, on account of the spotless life of this youthful saint. The Constitution, unchanged since 1903, was revised by the Reverend Moderator to meet the needs of the present Society.

* * * *

COLUMBIAN LITERARY SOCIETY

The regular bi-monthly meeting of the Columbian Literary Society, postponed from the previous Sunday, was held November 9. Besides the routine business, a very interesting program was given consisting of a debate between Leo Higi and Desmond Moore, and readings by Herman Klocker and Martin Kenny. Another item of interest was the announcement of the play to be given Thanksgiving Eve, the cast of which will be found in another column of this issue.

The exams are just like Wrigley's gum—"The flavor lasts."

Take it from us: Don't buy thermometers in summer. They are lower in winter.

ST. JOE HOLDS CENTRAL
NORMAL TO 12-3 VICTORY
(Continued from page 1)

was Danville's most prominent player. His ninety yard run for a touchdown was a deciding factor of the game.

Captain Hoban, at center for the Collegians, inspired his team by his fighting spirit. His line work was good, and several times he broke through the opposing forward wall and threw the Normal backs for losses. Weier did some fine punting for St. Joe, his kicks averaging around forty yards. The Monroe lad was also our most consistent ground gainer; two of his end runs netting about twenty yards each. DeShone used excellent judgment in working his plays and his spectacular thirty yard drop-kick was the real thriller of the game. Both Brennan and Byrne, working alternately at half and end, did good work, and Liebert, on the other wing, pulled some pretty passes out of the air. Nickels and Schmelzer, on the line blocked well and tackled effectively.

Danville Scores

St. Joe kicked off to Central Normal and the visitors were stopped on their own fifteen yard line. Danville made first down, but soon were forced to punt. St. Joe finally punted, Hauk receiving the ball on his ten yard line and, shaking off several tacklers, twisted his way through the Collegians and raced ninety yards for Danville's first touchdown. Hauk's drop-kick was blocked. St. Joe kicked off again and the remainder of the period was evenly fought. The second quarter opened with Carpenter, visiting fullback, reeling off twenty yards around end behind perfect interference. On the second play following, he tore through the Saints' line for ten yards and Danville's second marker. Smith failed to kick goal. Score at half: Central Normal, 12; St. Joe, 0.

St. Joe Scores

The third quarter was a hotly contested period during which both teams tried desperately to score. Weier and Byrne gained consistently around the wings with Castillo and DeShone offering fine interference. The Saints carried the ball to Danville's thirty yard line and DeShone drop-kicked for St. Joe's only score. St. Joe completed a thirty-five yard pass, Brennan to Liebert, at the beginning of the last period. On the next play DeShone layed out and received another pass that netted a gain of twenty yards. DeShone then tried for another field goal, but his kick fell short. Shelton caught the ball and Danville had it on their own forty-five yard line when the final whistle blew. Final score: Central Normal, 12; St. Joe, 3.

Score by periods: Central Normal,

Lineup

| | |
|-----------------------------|---------------|
| Central Normal (12) | St. Joe (3) |
| SmithL.E..... | Liebert |
| RoutonL.T..... | Schmelzer |
| LabonL.G..... | Ludwig |
| McConnellC..... | (Capt.) Hoban |
| LaymanR.G..... | Nichols |
| ParkerR.T..... | Steckler |
| HiteR.E..... | Brennan |
| HaukQ..... | Reardon |
| SheltonL.H..... | Byrne |
| BitteneaurR.H..... | Weier |
| Carpenter (Capt.) F.B. | Castillo |

Score by Periods

| | | | | | |
|----------------------|---|---|---|----|---|
| St. Joe | 0 | 0 | 3 | 0— | 3 |
| Central Normal | 6 | 6 | 0 | 0— | 2 |

Substitutions: Central Normal—House for Hite, Ogglesbie for House, House for Ogglesbie. St. Joe—DeShone for Reardon, Hipskind for Ludwig, Moore for Brennan, Dirrig for Liebert, Estadt for Castillo, Castillo for Estadt, Brennan for Moore, Liebert for Dirrig, Hartman for Nickles. Officials: Kirk, referee; Puetz, umpire; Beckman, head linesman; Scheidler, timekeeper.

"Shattering the Myth of John Wilkes Booth's Escape," in the November "Harper's."

RALSTON? Most certainly! And as usual right up-to-the-moment in style. Better come in early and look them over : : : :
: : COLUMBIA SHOE STORE

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Special attention given to diseases and surgery of the Eye, Ear, Nose and Throat.
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X-RAY PHOTOGRAPHS
X-RAY TREATMENTS
I. M. Washburn, M. D.
C. E. Johnson, M. D.

WARNER BROS.
HARDWARE

Tailoring Mending
RENSSELAER DRY CLEAN-
ING WORKS
The College Dry Cleaner
Pressing Dry Cleaning

The Progressive Shoe Repair Shop
THE ONLY ONE IN TOWN
BEST OF LEATHER RUBBER HEELS
Shoe Polish and Laces
G. W. KNAUR

Candy Ice Cream
Wright Brothers
Tobacco Lunch

**"AMERICA," A SUPERB DRAMA
OF ACTION AND ROMANCE**
(Continued from page 1)

our first national heroes live again; to infuse into such a chronicle the breath of romance; in other words to re-enact before the camera's eye the American Revolution, is truly Herculean, but this is what Griffith has done for posterity.

It is a great picture, but not without serious faults. The very magnitude of its scope is a handicap and despite the genius of the author and director the first half of "America" is incoherent and at times far-fetched. Again we can hardly believe that terrified refugees awaiting the seemingly inevitable tomahawk of Butler's savages would exclaim in their extremity: "O Great Spirit of America, save us; O Great Spirit of Washington, save us!" No, the Americans were God-fearing people and in Him they placed their trust.

Neil Hamilton makes an excellent hero—a hero of the type of Nathan Hale. He has prospects of a brilliant career. Carol Dempster, as the girl he loved, displayed excellent dramatic ability. Lionel Barrymore and Louis Wolheim as Butler and Hare, respectively, were truly terrifying villains.

Interspersed here and there were thrilling scenes. The mid-night ride of Paul Revere was one of the most thrilling scenes ever filmed. Even

Longfellow himself could not have improved it. Perhaps the most dramatic scene was that of the old Tory father looking at his son, dead that America might live. The surrender of Cornwallis with the statuesque figure of Washington silhouetted against the sun was most striking.

"America" teaches a higher and finer Americanism—it makes one a little bigger, a little better, a little more American than he was before.

Letters They Never Received
Dear Editor:

Please suggest a method of curbing this outrageous practice of having the fellows rush the candy store just after the first bell rings. Sincerely yours,

THE KANDY KIDS.

Answer

Gentlemen:

We suggest that as a condign punishment for this truly grievous crime you lock them in the candy store and make them lose a study hour. Such an incarceration in that dungeon of yours will, we believe, effectually impress upon their youthful minds the necessity of being in studies promptly. Hoping that this novel plan will prove successful, we remain,

Yours truly,

THE EDITOR.

Have you put your left arm in a sling yet? Eventually, why not now?

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However, it is no more an exploit but a proved success. The question arises, will it continue so? Time alone will answer that query. It will be no fault of the editors of Columbia if it fails. Each month they offer to the public timely articles by experts in their chosen fields; short stories, wholesome in tone and literary in form, embellished with illustrations from the hands of artists well known to the readers of the more popular magazines. In each Columbia you will find a Radio Department, a Home Department, a Book Department, and an Automobile Department conducted by capable editors. In fine it is "a magazine courageous, entertaining, instructive, stimulating; a magazine for the family table, a magazine for the ordinary man, as wholesome as the love of good friends, and as moving; a magazine provocative of laughter and purifying tears, and still not unprovocative of thoughtfulness and high desires."

There has long been need of a magazine capable of supplying the deficiency heretofore obtaining in Catholic homes. The Columbia supplies that need. "Such a magazine, given the co-operation cannot but be as gay as Catholicism, as stirring as Catholicism, as stalwart as Catholicism." But it must be given the co-operation, and we Catholics must give it. Talk up the Columbia, you have a right to be proud of it. Read Columbia, you will benefit by it. "Columbia" is your magazine. It is a magazine for Catholics, and its failure to achieve well deserved success would be a blot on American journalism.

Dear Parents:

I guess you have received my low grades. It was my own fault that I flunked three out of five, because the exams were as easy as pie and if I had studied the least bit instead of reading magazines on the sly I would have passed all right. Don't bother about sending me any money, I never have a chance to spend it around here anyhow. Your loving son,

EGBERT.

* * *

Dear Egbert:

We were much pleased with your two 60's and three 25's. Keep up the good work but don't over-tax yourself. Enclosed are two dollars. We are sure you can spend it if you try hard enough. Your affectionate

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Exchanges

We gratefully acknowledge the receipt of the following:

DePaulia, Oct. 30 and Nov. 6, Chicago, Ill.

Mother Seton Journal, October, Mt. St. Joseph's, Ohio.

Hour Glass, November 1, St. Mary's, Kansas.

The Antonian, October 31, Santa Barbara, Calif.

The Pacific Star, Oct. 16 and 30, St. Benedict, Oregon.

Notre Dame News, Oct. 24, Cleveland, Ohio.

The Star (S. J. C. I.), November, Buffalo, N. Y.

Blue and Gold, Oct. and Nov., Atlanta, Ga.

St. Paul's College Record, November, Covington, La.

We wonder if foot notes are produced by the shoe horn.—Mother Seton Journal.

As Sung by The Ducks:
"Waddle I Do?"

Voice from the showers: "Who's got some Ivory soap?"

Sepulchral voice: "Wassa matter, wanta wash your head?"—Pacific Star.

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